

OPPORTUNITIES!

NICE FARM 100 ACRES ONE MILE from Thaxton in Bedford county; dwelling with 8 rooms, in fine location, good orchard, convenient to school, church and schools—one of the best bargains we are offering. Price \$1,500. Terms very easy.

5 ACRES OF THE BEST BOTTOM-—trucking land in Roanoke county, three miles from Roanoke city. All of the land in clover. Price \$50 per acre.

FARM OF 2,300 ACRES IN SOUTH-—west Virginia, on Roanoke river. Fifteen acres of fine farming land, balance in timber, 10 room dwelling and all buildings necessary. Fine grazing and farming lands. Price \$12.50 per acre. Will sell in smaller tracts if desired.

6-ROOM HOUSE IN ONE BLOCK OF the new public building. Sold for \$3,500. Price \$750; \$50 cash, balance \$10 per month.

NICE 7-ROOM HOUSE IN EAST Roanoke. Price \$800. On easy terms.

PROPERTY 76x135 FEET, WITH three houses, in good location. Sold for \$3,500. Price \$250.

WE HAVE SOME GOOD HOUSES to rent.

WE REPRESENT THE BEST LINE of Fire, Life and Accident Insurance Companies.

J. F. WINGFIELD, Real Estate and Insurance Agent, 210 COMMERCE ST.

BIG BARGAINS
—IN—
Real Estate.

PARTIAL LIST OF
Farms and City Property,
Many of Them at Less Than Half of
Their Real Value.

FARMS:

130-acre farm, 14 miles from Roanoke; 5-room, two-story frame building; tenant house; 4 rooms; plenty of timber; 2 good springs; near house; farm in good condition; 500 yards of church and school; good neighborhood. Price \$1,300; one-half cash, balance one and two years.

50 acres at Cave Spring; 20 in timber, balance in cultivation; land level, under new plank fence; 2 good springs and branches through farm. Price \$2,000; one-third cash, balance one and two years.

5-acre garden farm, very near city; new 6-room dwelling; reservoir; windmill; land in very best condition. Price \$1,500; one-third cash; balance one and two years.

15-acre garden farm, 5 miles south of city; new 4-room frame dwelling; stable; land level, easy to cultivate, and highly improved, all cultivated in vegetables this year. Price \$500; one-third cash, balance one and two years.

40 acres, 3 miles south of city; 3-room dwelling; stable; 10 acres in timber, balance in cultivation; about 100 bearing fruit trees. Price \$1,000; one-third cash, balance one and two years.

50-acre farm, 5 miles east of Roanoke; 4-room log house; 3 acres in timber, balance open land; watered with spring and branches. Price \$300; one-third cash, balance one and two years.

40-acre farm, near Coyner's Springs; 5-room cottage; good stable and barn; one cement house; 30 fruit trees; farm under good fence. Price \$500; one-third cash, balance one and two years.

43-acre farm, 5 miles from city, near Cave Spring; 20 acres in timber, balance in cultivation; land level and in good condition; 2-room log house; watered with spring and branch. Price \$800; one-third cash, balance one and two years.

5-acre farm, 8 miles from city; 4-room frame dwelling; stable and barn; 30 or 40 acres in timber, balance in cultivation; 8 acres good bottom land; 100 apple trees; farm well supplied with water. Price \$700; one-third cash, balance one and two years.

130 acres, 5 miles from city, near Holladay's; 5-room dwelling; 50 acres in timber, 40 acres in grass, balance in cultivation and under good fence. Price \$1,500; one-half cash, balance one and two years.

25 acres, 5 miles south of city; 10 acres in timber, 15 in cultivation; 5-room, comfortable dwelling; good orchard; farm well supplied with water. Price \$900; one-third cash, balance one and two years.

7-room house on Tazewell ave. s. e., large lot. Price \$1,000; cash \$100; monthly \$10 per month.

6-room house on Stuart ave. s. e. Price \$900; cash \$50; monthly payments \$25.

5-room house on Elmwood st. s. e. Price \$625; cash \$25; monthly payments \$15.

6-room house on Tazewell ave. s. e., lot 10x130. Price \$1,000; cash \$100; monthly payments \$10.

3-room house, newly papered; lot 75x150 feet, nice location. Price \$1,200; cash \$250; monthly payments \$25.

6-room house, corner lot, Southeast. Price \$800; cash \$100; monthly payments \$50.

10-room house on Jefferson st., with all modern improvements. Price \$2,350; cash \$350; balance \$20 per month.

11-room house on Jefferson st., large lot, stable and carriage. Price \$3,300; cash \$300; balance \$24 per month.

Nice house on corner of Seventh ave. and Roanoke st. Price \$1,000; cash payments.

5-room house, corner lot, Southwest, near in. Price \$1,000; cash \$100; balance \$10 per month.

7-room house, marble mantles, hard wood finished, nicely papered; cost to build \$2,100; now \$1,300; cash \$100; balance \$12.50 per month.

7-room house, corner lot, Northwest. Price \$1,000; cash \$100; balance \$12.50 per month.

Nice new cottage, cost to build \$1,100; corner lot; now \$550; cash \$50; balance \$5 per month.

8-room house, Northwest; 2nd wood finish, new range, stable, lot 60x150. Price \$1,200; cash \$200; balance \$15 per month.

4-room house, Northeast, close to shops. Price \$425; cash \$25; balance \$4 per month.

6-room house, corner lot, Northeast. Price \$625; cash \$25; balance \$4 per month.

Two 6-room houses, Northeast, large lot. Price \$600; cash \$50; balance \$10 per month.

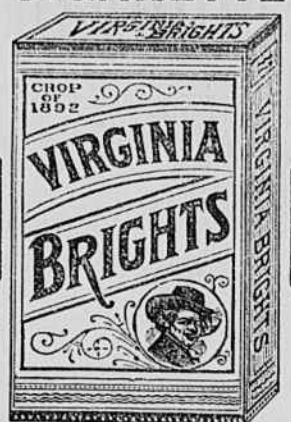
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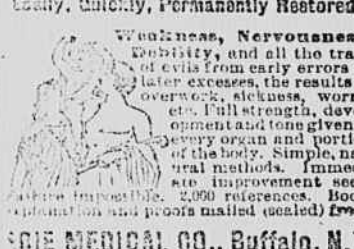
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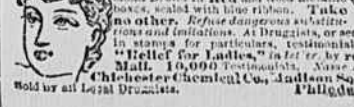
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THE DIFFERENCE.

Beauty lies within ourselves,
After all, they say,
And the sure the happy heart
Makes the happy day.

In a cool and shady garden
The sweetest scent
Fanned a face whereon were written
Restlessness and discontent.
Lilies nodded, bluebells tinkled,
Birds sang sweetly in the trees.
Merry talk and joyous laughter
Sounded on the summer breeze.
"Oh," said Phyllis, "I am stinging!"
And she raised her pretty head.
"I am stung 'tis going to shower."
What a horrid day!" she said.

In a warm and dusty city
Janey, pinched and wan and white,
Lined against a heated building,
Longing for the cool of night.
Suddenly she spied a floweret,
Pale and slender, at her feet.
"Oh!" she cried and stooped to pluck it.
Looking up in rapture sweet
Through the crowded house tops, Janey
Caught a glimpse of blue o'erhead,
And she kissed the little posy.
"What a lovely day!" she said.

Beauty lies within ourselves,
After all, they say,
And the glad and happy heart
Makes the happy day.

—Gertrude M. Cannon in St. Nicholas.

A CUBAN HEROINE.

"Fire! Fire! As you are true soldiers of the crown, do not allow him to escape!" And at the command of the Spanish officer the reports of a dozen rifles broke the stillness of the tropical forest that bordered on the northern coast of Cuba.

"On, on! He must not avoid us, or the wrath of our general will fall upon our heads."

Quickly the machetes, or short swords, which each man wore at his belt, were grasped vigorously and almost torn from the scabbards as the impetuous guard essayed to hew a pathway through the jungle.

"See, see, he is wounded!" exclaimed the officer, pointing to a few crimson stains that had fallen upon the dark green leaves of the trailing vines.

"He is hard hit and must soon fall. Press on, press on, my men! A hundred pinsters to the one who shall first lay hands upon the spy, whether he be dead or alive!"

Thus urged, the soldiers redoubled their efforts, but they proved futile, for the fugitive threaded his way through the tangled maze of vegetation with the adroitness and speed of an Indian warrior.

When the soldiers finally gave up the chase and resumed their watch, darkness had fallen upon the "Pan of Matanzas," the mountain which rears its lofty head a few miles back from the city of Matanzas.

About the base of this rugged elevation nestled the plantations of a number of rich Cuban sugar growers, but at this hour the occupants of the low roofed, rambling, yet spacious habitations seemed wrapped in slumber, for no signs of human life were apparent.

But, hold! There is a light streaming from the long, iron barred windows of the house of Senor Manuel Rodriguez, one of the wealthiest citizens of the island.

Within the apartment from which the bright rays issued sat a young woman, not more than 18 years of age, a perfect type of Spanish loveliness. She was alone and seemed busy with her thoughts. Suddenly she was aroused by a quick step on the broad veranda without, and the next instant the door opened, and a man, with disheveled clothing, hatless and with blood streaming from a ghastly wound in the side of the head, hurriedly entered and sank well nigh exhausted at the maiden's feet.

"Felipe! Felipe! My dear brother, what, in the name of the saints, has happened?" exclaimed the young girl, in a tone of horror, as she knelt by the side of the sufferer.

"Oh, Isabel, we are lost—lost! All is lost! The noble cause of Cuba will this night receive, as I have, her deathblow!"

"What mean you, brother? What mean you?" entreated Isabel, as she essayed to stanch the blood which flowed from the gaping cut.

"Tell me—oh, tell me what has happened?"

"What has happened you see before you," gasped the stricken man, "but its cause and effect are secrets which I scarce dare impart even to you."

"What! I, your sister and a Cuban, and you will not trust me?"

"True, true; it is right that you should know. Bend your ear closer; my strength is fast failing."

Then with a visible effort Felipe aroused himself and continued:

"This night our dear father, at the head of a band of some 500 patriots, proposes to make a landing at a point near the eastern entrance of the harbor, providing that no light is shown from the Pan of Matanzas to warn them of danger. There is danger, and I was threading my way through the forest and up the steep ascent to ignite the beacon that would warn them of their peril, when I, dolt that I was, stumbled upon the Spanish soldiers. We caught sight of one another at the same moment, and their commander gave the order to fire. It was then that I received this wound in the head, which is slight compared to the one that is here." And the hero pressed a hand convulsively to his side.

"Away I fled, and succeeded in throwing the human vultures off my track and—and—here I am."

As he finished, the young man sank back, exhausted, in his sister's arms.

"But the signal, Felipe—the signal?" eagerly asked the girl. "Who will light it?"

"Alas, no one! For who is there to go?"

"I will," was the undaunted reply.

"You—you, Isabel! No, no! Your fate would be worse than death should you fall into the hands of our persecutors."

"Speak not of them, brother, but tell me where to find the spot."

"Well, Isabel, it must be so, for should our noble father be taken captive by the cruel tyrants, it would be but a short, short time ere we all should follow him to the executioner! Now, hark, sister! Near the summit of the mountain, and on that flat shelf where we have often played in childhood, you will find a large pile of inflammable material. But a single touch of an ignited match and the whole mass will spring into flame, and one which the soldiers can never extinguish until it has burned down to the very stones beneath."

"I will find it and light it. But I must leave you alone, Felipe!"

"Oh, mind not me. What is my life or suffering compared to our father's and his brave followers? Long since I gave my life to Cuba and a few hours more or less of existence matters little. Go, sister, go! There is not a moment to lose! But beware of the soldiers! God guard you!"

Stooping low, Isabel pressed a kiss on the pallid lips of her brother, and drawing her lace mantilla closely over her raven hair, she extinguished the light and passed out into the darkness upon her lonely mission.

"Ah, Lorenzo, heard you that? It

bounded very much like a footstep in your corner."

"If so, it failed to reach my ears, senor!" replied the man addressed. "But, nevertheless, I will go and see, and rest assured that if I find another spy lurking about, he will not escape us this time."

So saying, the soldier, throwing his gun in readiness for instant use, hurried in the direction indicated by his superior.

His search was long and careful, and although he called others to his assistance, they failed to discover anything suspicious in the neighborhood.

"No, senor," answered the man Lorenzo, on his return, "there is no one but ourselves in the vicinity. I think we have scared the rebels sufficiently to keep them away for this night at least."

"I trust so," was the reply, "for to be unwitting twice in one watch would be enough to reduce you to the ranks and deprive me of my commission."

"Of that there is little cause to fear, senor," was Lorenzo's placid answer, and he seated himself on a fallen log and prepared to roll a cigarotte.

"By our Lady, Lorenzo," he exclaimed, "had not your fire but this moment flashed in my face I could have sworn that I saw a light above us on the mountain! Yes, yes, I was right," he continued excitedly. "Look how it burns! Quick, quick, extinguish it! It must be a signal to the enemy! Deploy, and mind, allow no one to escape! We must capture the one who lighted it."

Hurriedly the soldiers sprang to obey the orders, and so eager were they to begin the search that the officer, though hastening toward the illumination, found himself alone, but he could hear his men on either side "beating the bush."

He had almost reached the circle of light that was emitted from the burning pile, when he was suddenly confronted by a woman who was fleeing at the top of her speed down toward the valley. So impetuous had been her flight that she had failed to discover the proximity of the Spaniards until his strong arms closed about her slight form.

As the eyes of the former rested upon his prisoner an exclamation of surprise escaped his lips.

"Senorita Rodriguez! Is it possible that you are here?"

"Even so," replied the young girl, her indomitable courage coming to her assistance, and she cast a look of defiance upon her captor.

"What does this mean?" he stammered. "Why are you abroad upon the mountain at this lonely hour?"

Ere the heroine answered she turned and pointed to the bright light, which the utmost efforts of the soldiers had failed to extinguish, and said:

"To save the lives of my countrymen."

"And in so doing to sacrifice your own? Oh, that this painful duty had devolved upon some other!" And the soldier groaned aloud as he thought that it had been left to him to place the woman he loved in the hands of the executioner.

"Look!" said Isabel, after a short pause, extending her delicate hands toward the Spaniard. "Look! By the feeble light of the stars, you may see that these are stained with blood. That flowed from the veins of a Cuban patriot, and the haughty usurpers of my country shall see that Isabel Rodriguez is not less chary of her life than was her noble brother, when the cause of Cuba is in the balance! Senor Deza, I am your prisoner, but for the sake of our former acquaintance I beseech of you a favor. Do not submit me to the rude gaze and ribald jests of your soldiers. That were worse than death."

"Senorita, believe me, should one of my company so much as cast a second glance upon those fair features, I would strike him lifeless at my feet. But you shall not be made to suffer for your folly," continued the officer, quickly. "You have not been seen by the soldiers. I alone know of your presence on the mountain. Go, the path to your home is open—go, go!" and the Spanish officer pressed the trembling hand which he had taken in his own and hurriedly strode away.

Left alone, Isabel sprang to her feet and hastened in the direction of her home, which she reached in safety. As she entered the darkened room a feeble moan fell upon her ears, and she knew that her brother lived.

Yes, Felipe was alive and conscious, and as he heard his sister's step on the floor he murmured faintly:

"The light, the light!—does it burn?"

"Yes, the flames mount nearly to the heavens," replied the senorita, as she sank into a chair, almost overcome by her various emotions.

"The saints be praised! Our father has been saved!" exclaimed the wounded man. So it proved to be. The Cuban patriots had caught the first glimpse of the warning beacon and turned their vessel's head again seaward and sought safety for the time being among the keys that girdle the shores of their island home.

But had the light not shone out, much suffering and probably loss of life would have occurred, which were averted by the prompt action of the fair patriot of Matanzas.—Exchange.

Touched a Tender Spot.

She was a new woman and she gloried in it. One day she went out with her brother to the suburbs to pay some calls. The brother was home on a visit after a three years' absence. When he had left home, his sister's views had not been so pronounced, but there was no mistaking them now. The trip to the suburbs involved a lot of street car travel, under which conditions new womanism showed off to striking advantage. It was the sister, not the brother, who took the lead. She signaled the cars, boarded them without waiting for advice or assistance, notified the conductor when to stop and led the way out. The whole enterprise was engineered by her; the brother was merely an accessory.

This was so marked that not until they had reached home did "the accessory" dare to make a comment. Then, "See here, Kittie," he said, "do you always just go straight ahead like that and do everything for yourself?" "Of course I do," replied the new woman, looking as if she liked it.

"Why?" "Oh, nothing," rejoined the brother. "Only, it's plain to be seen that you're not used to having a man around." But, strange to say, the new woman didn't look as if she liked this.—New York Sun.

A Glimpse of Spain.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale says that if you happen to be traveling in Spain and want your trunk you say to the porter at the railway station, "Cavalier, might I ask you to have the goodness to carry this trunk across to the hotel opposite?" And he says with equal courtesy, "Cavalier, so soon as the cavalier who can read comes and reads the addresses to us all the trunks will be taken to the hotels." Such an experience grows wearisome after awhile, but it gives a foreigner an interesting glimpse of the lack of popular education among the Spaniards.—New York Tribune.

Tied Down

to household work, to the scrubbing brush and bucket, to the dish pan and housecloth. That was woman's position until

GOLD DUST
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came to her release. Now she does all her work in the morning—does as she pleases in the afternoon. GOLD DUST has found an entrance to many thousand homes, will you welcome it to yours? Large packages, price 25c. Sold everywhere. Made only by

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43,000 GOLD SEAL CIGARS sold in Roanoke to thirty-five customers during September.

The Invincible Armada.

The invincible armada was a famous naval expedition sent by Philip II of Spain against England in 1588. It consisted of 130 vessels, 2,430 great guns, 4,575 quintals of powder, nearly 20,000 soldiers, above 8,000 sailors and more than 2,000 volunteers. It arrived in the English channel on July 19 and was defeated the next day by Admiral Howard, who was seconded by Drake, Hawkins and Froisher. Eight fire ships having been sent into the Spanish fleet, they bore off in great disorder. Profiting by the panic, the English fell upon them and captured or destroyed a number of their ships, and Admiral Howard maintained a running fight from July 21 to July 27, with such effect that the Spanish commander, despairing of success, resolved to return home, and as escape through the English channel was prevented by contrary winds he undertook to sail around the Orkneys, but the vessels which still remained to him were dispersed by storms or shipwrecked among the rocks and shallows on different parts of the Scottish and Irish coast, and upward of 5,000 men were drowned, killed or taken prisoners. Of the whole armada 53 ships only returned to Spain, and these in a wretched condition. The English lost but one ship.

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